

# GOLD

By  
**STEWART  
EDWARD  
WHITE**

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## CHAPTER XI. Off For Sutter's Fort.

TWO days later Yank, Johnny and I embarked aboard a small bluff bowled sailboat, waved our farewells to Talbot, standing on the shore, and laid our course to cross the blue bay behind an island called Alcatraz. Our boatman was a short, swarthy man with curly hair and gold rings in his ears. He handled his boat well, but spoke not at all. After a dozen attempts to get something more than monosyllables out of him we gave it up and settled ourselves to the solid enjoyment of a new adventure.

The breeze was strong and drove even our rather clumsy craft at considerable speed. The blue waters of the bay flashed in the sun and rifled under the squalls. Spray dashed away from our bows. A chill racer in from the open Pacific, dimming the sunlight.

After a journey of several days we came into a wide bottom land country with oaks. The distant blue hills had grown and had become slate gray. At noon we discerned ahead of us a low bluff, and a fork in the river, and among the oak trees the gleam of tents, and before them a tracery of masts where the boats and small ships lay moored to the trees. This was the embankment of Sutter's Fort beyond, or the new city of Sacramento, whichever you pleased. Here our boat journey ended, and we set out to cover the three or four miles to Sutter's Fort.

Sutter's Fort was situated at the edge of the five oak park. We found it to resemble a real fort, with high walls, bastions and a single gate at each end through which one entered to a large inclosed square, perhaps a hundred and fifty yards long by fifty wide. The walls were not pierced for guns, and the defense seemed to depend entirely on the jutting bastions. The walls were double and about twenty-five feet apart. Thus by roofing over this space and dividing it with partitions Sutter had made up his barracks, blacksmith shop, bakery, and the like. Later in our investigations we even ran across a woolen factory, a distillery, a billiard room and a bowling alley! At the southern end of this long space stood a two-story house. Directly opposite the two-story house and at the other end of the inclosure was an adobe corral.

The place was crowded with people. A hundred or so miners rushed here and there on apparently very important business or loafed contentedly against the posts or the sun-warmed adobe walls. In this latter occupation they were aided and abetted by a number of the native Californians. Perhaps a hundred Indians were leading horses, carrying burdens or engaged in some other heavy toil. They were the first we had seen, and we examined them with considerable curiosity. A good many of them were wearily naked, but some had on portions of battered civilized apparel. Very few could make up a full suit of clothes, but contented themselves with either a coat, or a shirt, or a pair of pantaloons, or even with only a hat, as the case might be. They were very swarthy, squat, villainous looking savages, with big heads, low foreheads, coarse hair and bony little eyes.

We stopped for some time near the sentry box at the entrance, accustomed ourselves to the white and movement. Then we set out to find McClellan. He was almost immediately pointed out to us, a short, square, businesslike man, with a hard gray face, dealing competently with the pressure. A score of men surrounded him, each eager for his attention. While we hovered, awaiting our chance, two men walked in through the gate. They were accorded the compliment of almost a complete silence on the part of those who caught sight of them.

The first was a Californian about thirty-five or forty years of age, a man of lofty, stern bearing, swarthy skin, glossy side whiskers and bright supercilious eyes. He wore a light blue short jacket trimmed with scarlet and with silver buttons, a striped silk sash, breeches of crimson velvet, not below by long embroidered deerkin boots. A black kerchief was bound crosswise on his head, entirely concealing the hair, and a flat crowned, wide, gray hat heavily ornamented with silver completed this gorgeous costume. He moved with the assured air of the aristocrat. The splendor of his apparel, the beauty of his face and figure and the grace of his movements attracted the first glance from all eyes. Then immediately he was passed over in favor of his companion.

The latter was a shorter, heavier man, of more mature years. In fact, his side whiskers were beginning to turn gray. His costume was plainer, but exquisitely neat, and a strange blend of the civil and the military. The jacket, for example, had been cut in the trim military fashion, but was

worn open to exhibit the snowy cascade of the linen beneath. But nobody paid much attention to the man's dress. The dignity and assured calm of his face and eye at once impressed one with conviction of unusual quality. Johnny stared for a moment, his brows knit; then, with an exclamation, he sprang forward.

"Captain Sutter!" he cried. Sutter turned slowly to look Johnny squarely in the face, his attitude one of cold but courteous inquiry. Johnny was approaching him in hand. I confess he astonished me. We had known him intimately for some months and always as the harum-scarum, impulsive, half fellow, bubbling, irresponsible. Now a new Johnny stepped forward, quiet, highbred, courteous, self



With an Exclamation He Sprang Forward.

contained. Before he had spoken a word Captain Sutter's aloof expression had relaxed.

"I beg your pardon for addressing you so abruptly," Johnny was saying. "The surprise of the moment must excuse me. Ten years ago, sir, I had the pleasure of meeting you at the time you visited my father in Virginia."

"My dear boy!" cried Sutter. "You are of course the son of Colonel Fairfax. But ten years ago you were a very young man."

"A small boy, rather," laughed Johnny.

They chatted for a few moments, exchanging news, I suppose, though they had drawn beyond our earshot. In a few moments we were summoned and presented, first to Colonel Sutter, then to Don Gaspar Martinez. The latter talked English well. Yank and I, both somewhat silent and embarrassed before all this splendor of manner, trailed the triumphant progress like two small boys. We were glad to trail, however. Captain Sutter took us about, showing us in turn all the many industries of the place.

Don Gaspar here excused himself on the ground of business, promising to rejoin us later.

We walked back through the inclosure. Our companion was greeted on all sides with the greatest respect and affection. To all he responded with benign but unapproachable dignity. From the vociferous crowd he called the trader McClellan, to whom he introduced us, all three, with urbanity and formality.

"These young men," he told McClellan, who listened to him intently, his brows knit, "are more than acquaintances; they are very special friends of mine. I wish to bespeak your good offices for what they may require. They are on their way to the mines. And now, gentlemen, I repeat, I am delighted to have had this opportunity. I wish you the best of luck, and I sincerely hope you may be able to visit me at Feather River, where you are always sure of a hearty welcome. Treat them well, McClellan."

"You know, cap'n, friends of yours are friends of mine," said McClellan briefly.

At the end of half an hour we found ourselves in possession of two pack horses and saddles and a load of provisions.

"Look out for those thieves," advised McClellan. "These yere Greasers will follow you for days, waitin' for a chance to git your stock. Don't picket with rawhide rope, or the coyotes are likely to gnaw yore animals loose. Better buy a couple of ha'r ropes from the nearest Mex. Take care of yore selves. Goodby." He was immediately immersed in his flood of business.

We loaded our pack horses and set off next morning early on the trail up the American river. At last, it seemed to us, we were really under way; as though our long journeyings and many experiences had been but a preparation for this start. Our spirits were high, and we laughed and joked and sang extravagantly. Even Yank spoke up and acted like a frisky colt. Such early wayfarers as we met we hailed with shouts and challenge; nor were we in the least abashed by an occasional surly response, or the not infrequent attempts to discourage our hopes. For when one man said there was no gold another was confident that the diggings were not even scratched.

Yank turned the two horses out into a grass meadow and sat, his back against an oak tree, smoking his pipe and watching them. Johnny and I unrolled the beds, sorted out the simple cooking utensils, and started to cook.

Occasional travelers on the road just above us shouted out friendly greetings. They were a miscellaneous lot. Most were headed toward the mountains. These journeyed in various ways. Some walked afoot and unencumbered, some carried apparently all

their belongings on their backs; one outfit comprising three men had three saddle horses and four packs—a princely caravan.

Near sundown two horsemen turned off the trail and rode down to our little trickle of water. When they drew near we recognized in one of them Don Gaspar Martinez. He wore still his gorgeous apparel of the day before, with only the addition of a pair of heavy silver ornamented spurs on his heels and a brace of pistols in his sash. His horse, a magnificent chestnut, was harnessed in equal gorgeousness, with silvered broad bit, silver chains jangling therefrom, a plaited rawhide bridle and reins, a carved leather, high pommel saddle, also silver ornamented, and a bright colored, woven saddle blanket beneath. The animal stepped daintily and proudly, lifting his little feet and planting them among the stones as though fastidiously. The man who rode with Don Gaspar was evidently of a lower class. He was, however, a straight, handsome young fellow enough, with a dark clear complexion, a small mustache and a pleasant smile. His dress and accoutrements were on the same general order as those of Don Gaspar, but of quieter color and more serviceable material. His horse, however, was of the same high bred type. A third animal followed, unled, packed with two cow-hide boxes.

The Spaniard rode up to us and saluted courteously; then his eye lit with recognition.

"Ah!" said he, "the good friends of our Captain Sutter! This is to be well met. If it is not too much I would beg the favor of you camp."

"By all means," Don Gaspar said Johnny, rising. "The pleasure is, of course, our own."

Again saluting us, Don Gaspar and his companion withdrew a short distance up the little meadow. There the Spaniard sat down beneath a bush and proceeded to smoke a cigarette, while his companion unsaddled the horses, turned them loose to graze, stacked up their saddles and made simple camping arrangements.

"Old Flash pants doesn't intend to do any work if he catches sight of it first," observed Johnny.

"Probably the other man is a servant?" I suggested.

"More likely a sort of dependent," amended Johnny. "They run a kind of patriarchal establishment. I've been told."

"Don't use them big words, Johnny," complained Yank, coming up with the horses.

"I meant they make the poor relations and kid brothers do the hustling," said Johnny.

"Now I understand you," said Yank. "I wish I could see what they do with their horses' rights. I bet they know how. And if I was a boss thief I'd surely take a long chance for that chestnut gelding."

"You might wander over later and find out," I suggested.

"And get my system full of lead-sure," said Yank.

The two camps did not exchange visits. We caught the flicker of their little fire, but we were really too tired to be curious, and we turned in early, our two animals tied fast to small trees at our feet.

The next day lifted us into the mountains. Big green peaks, across which hung a bluish haze, showed themselves between the hills. The latter were more precipitous, and the brush had now given way to pines of better size and quality than those seen lower down.

(Continued next Tuesday.)

## FARM AT AUCTION

The undersigned will sell 100 acres to highest bidder. Home built 8 years, good condition. Other buildings fair. 12 acres of timber, 2 springs of water never dry. Young orchard. Rural route passes door. Land all tillable, terms are 1-3 down, 1-3 in two years, 1-3 in three years, with a privilege of paying cash. Sale will take place on farm, located 3 miles southeast of Butler, on August 19, 1916, at 1:30 p. m., Standard time.

BRUCE AND DUDLEY LAW.

## MILK SUPPLY SHUT OFF

Cleveland, Aug. 12.—Spreading of the milk wagon drivers' strike practically cut off the entire supply of milk to Clevelanders. Attempts were made by federal and city officials to bring the men and the employers to an agreement, but neither side would give in.

## YARD MEN ON STRIKE

Cincinnati, Aug. 12.—Two hundred employees of the Crane Lumber company left their work here after making demands for higher wages. The strike involves the workmen known as "yardmen," and according to the superintendent, was entirely unexpected.

## 42ND REUNION OF 20TH REGT.

With Massillon As Meeting Place Very Enjoyable

Only Thirteen Comrades Able To Attend Affair

Trip To McKinley's Tomb Taken By The Party

Akron Named As Place For Gathering Of 1917

Address Of Col. L. G. Hunt Made A Part Of Minutes

The 42nd annual reunion of the 20th Ohio Regimental associations was held at Massillon on Thursday, August 10.

Only thirteen comrades were present to answer to roll call, and the following is the list:

Wilbur D. Foote, Co. A, Fredericktown; E. C. Larimore, L. G. Hunt and T. S. Pitkin, Co. G, Mt. Vernon; Col. William Rush, Co. I, Mt. Vernon; Jonathan Lodwick, Co. H, Mineral Ridge; O. J. John Lawrence and Charles Flick, Co. H, Newton Falls; O. J. P. Fisselman, Co. H, Medina; O. Leonard Brobst, Co. H, Philax; O. Ferdinand Moore, Cambridge; O. A. J. Nethastine, Co. L, Westerville; Ohio; and E. P. Edgar, Co. K, Massillon, O.

The following visitors were also present: Mrs. F. C. Larimore, Mrs. R. S. Goodell, Mrs. Ora Hult, Mrs. Carrie Tilton, the Misses Rush, Mt. Vernon; Lilly A. Worley, Warren, O.; Tilla Melba, Philax, O., a grandson of Comrade Foote, Fredericktown, and the son-in-law of Col. Rush, who drove this comrade who is 84 years of age to Massillon and back home the same day, making about 160 miles in an auto on a hot day. Quite a number of the Massillon G. A. R. were also present. At 1 o'clock p. m., the comrades and families, to the number of thirty or more, who had assembled at the lovely home of Comrade Edgar, were invited to partake of a most sumptuous repast provided by Mrs. Edgar and her two daughters in their honor and great satisfaction. Mrs. Edgar and daughters were assisted by Mrs. Anna Tompkins, formerly of Mt. Vernon and the son-in-law of Comrade Edgar, who did valet service at the dinner.

After dinner a train of automobiles assembled in front of the home of the Edgars and were soon well-filled and a trip to Canton and the McKinley tomb was made.

The business meeting of the regiment was held at 4:30 p. m. Akron was named as the place of the next reunion at the time of the state encampment. Letters of regret were read from R. C. Hunt, Rialto, Cal., and Samuel McBride of Williamston, Mich.

The following is the list of dead reported by the secretary during the past year: Ira B. Allen, Co. A, John Fox, Co. G, William Smith, James G. Stanley and John Wickline, Co. H.

The committee on resolutions reported the following:

Resolved, That, while we deplore the loss of these comrades and miss their presence at our annual roll calls, we bow in humble submission to the will of the supreme Ruler of all who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we extend to the families of these comrades our heartfelt sympathy and we here and now assure them that we will place their names upon our roll of honor.

J. P. FUSSELLMAN,  
E. P. EDGAR,  
T. S. PITKIN,  
Committee.

The letter of R. C. Hunt was made a part of the minutes.

At 7:30 o'clock a camp fire was held at the city hall and a good sized audience listened to a program, presided over by Dr. F. C. Larimore, Mrs. George Israel, formerly of Mt. Vernon, presiding at the piano in the musical part to the delight of all present.

The program was interspersed with talks from several comrades and

ladies who were not named in the regular program of exercise, and two hours were spent in a grand good time. The address of Col. L. G. Hunt on Sherman's march to the sea, being in a manner historical, was made a part of the regimental proceedings at this reunion.

A rising vote of thanks was tendered to Comrade Edgar and his family, and to the gentlemen who so kindly furnished motor cars for an afternoon of pleasure riding and all citizens for courtesies and a good time. The following was the camp fire program:

1st—Song by the quartet, Recessional (Kipling).  
2nd—Address of welcome by Hon. W. S. Spidle.  
3rd—Response by Comrade F. C. Larimore of Mt. Vernon, O.  
4th—Piano solo by Mrs. George Israel, Military Polonaise.  
5th—Quartet.  
6th—Remarks by Comrade L. G. Hunt of Mt. Vernon.  
7th—Miscellaneous talks by the comrades, all invited to take part. America.

## CAR SKIDS

Ross Family Tossed Into Ditch When Auto Upsets—Fractured Rib the Worst Injury

Jelloway, Aug. 11—While driving in his automobile about two miles south of here Thursday evening David Ross, who lives near Jelloway, lost control of the car and skidded into the ditch. The machine overturned and Mr. Ross, his wife and their three children and Mrs. Ross' sister, Miss Bernice Taylor, were thrown out, badly bruised and shaken up. Mrs. Ross sustained a fractured rib.

With the exception of a few bruises the others of the party were not injured.

## SEPARATION

FROM WIFE IMPELS SUICIDE OF BORDER SOLDIER

Dayton, Aug. 11—A note received by his parents reveals the cause of the suicide of S. D. Conover, member of the regular army, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonidas Conover, this city, who killed himself Wednesday afternoon in a hotel in San Antonio, Tex. In his communication Conover said he had had health and that he also had been heart-broken over the continued separation from his wife. He also complained of being overworked. He had been serving as clerk in the office of Maj. Gen. Funston.

## MEDDLES WITH MATCHES

Little Child Starts Fire—Wall Paper And Some Clothing Consumed

North Liberty, Aug. 11—Fire, started by a little child playing with matches, destroyed the wall paper of a room and burned a quantity of clothing stored in a closet in the residence of Frank Frasher of North Liberty.

The fire started about 11 o'clock Friday morning but was extinguished before any great damage was done. The child was not injured. The house was fully insured.

## BOTH LEGS PARALYZED

Robert Walton of Gambier, one of Mt. Vernon high school's good athletes and expected to be a strong man on the football squad this fall, who was taken sick Wednesday with an attack of infantile paralysis, was reported as in a very serious condition Friday morning. Both legs and his left arm are paralyzed and his condition is considered as very critical.

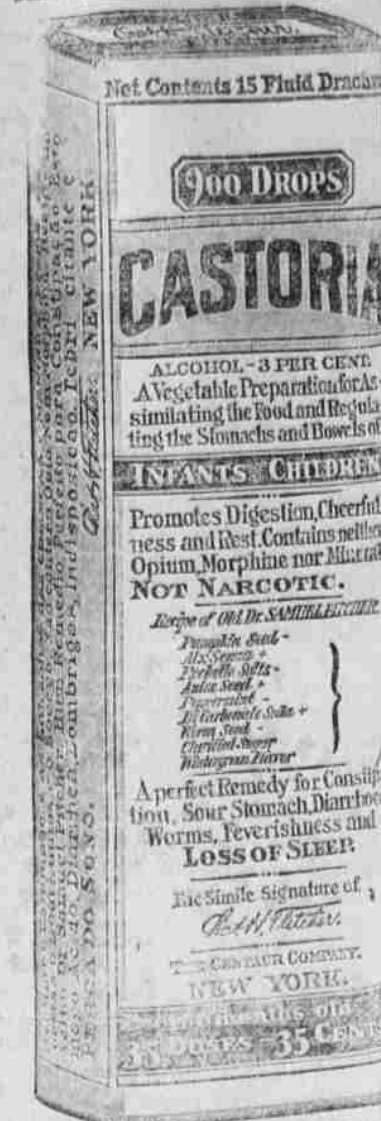
## OUTING AT CAVALLO

Millwood, Aug. 11—The members of the Loyal Workers class of the Church of Christ Sunday school of Millwood are enjoying a week's outing in camp at Cavallo. Willard McElroy and W. H. Humbert of Millwood are with the boys in order to insure their safety.

## MUST LIST EXPENSES

No expense accounts of candidates at the primaries had been filed with the board of elections by Friday, although several blanks had been issued by Clerk Allen Johnson. Friday, Aug. 15, is the last day when this may be done, according to the law now existing.

George and Mary Ball, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ball of Green Valley, underwent operations for adenoids and the removal of their tonsils Friday morning at the Mt. Vernon hospital.



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### FARMS

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100 acres east of Cheserville, road to be piked. Lays nice, gently rolling, strong soil, well watered by springs and well. Several acres of timber. An all-around corn, clover, alfalfa and stock farm. A bargain at price, \$100 per acre, good terms.

83-acre farm, only 4 miles out, worth the money. Gently rolling oak, walnut and chestnut land. A good producer. Improvements good. Nine-room dwelling, bank barn 40x60, sheep house, 20x60, buggy and wagon sheds, cribs, hog-houses, etc. Three acres of well-kept orchard. Good fences. Watered by springs and wells. \$7,320.

93 acres, improved, nearly level, at \$7,000. All under cultivation but 15 acres of timber, clay soil. Good seven-room house, barn 40x60 and sheds, carriage house, cribs, cow barn, watered by wells, electric and running water. Two miles to station. Possession soon.

143-acre Morgan township farm at a fair price. Long been considered one of the good farms. Lays level, 113 acres in cultivation and 30 acres of timber. Good ten-room dwelling, barn 30 by 60, cribs, etc. 3 1/2 miles to station. Only \$35 per acre buys it; good terms.

100 acres 3 miles southwest from Fredericktown, in a splendid section. Lays level, good land, fifteen acres of timber with abundance of good pasture; spring water in pasture. House two barns, wagon-shed and cribs, fruit orchard and drilled well at buildings.

Good 77-acre general purpose farm, well improved. Lays nearly level. Good soil. Eight-room frame dwelling, barn 36 by 40 with three large sheds. Watered by spring, well and running water. Located 6 1/2 miles from Mt. Vernon and 2 1/2 miles to shipping point. A desirable farm and home at \$7,500. Good terms.

W. C. ROCKWELL FARM-LAND COMPANY  
Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

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